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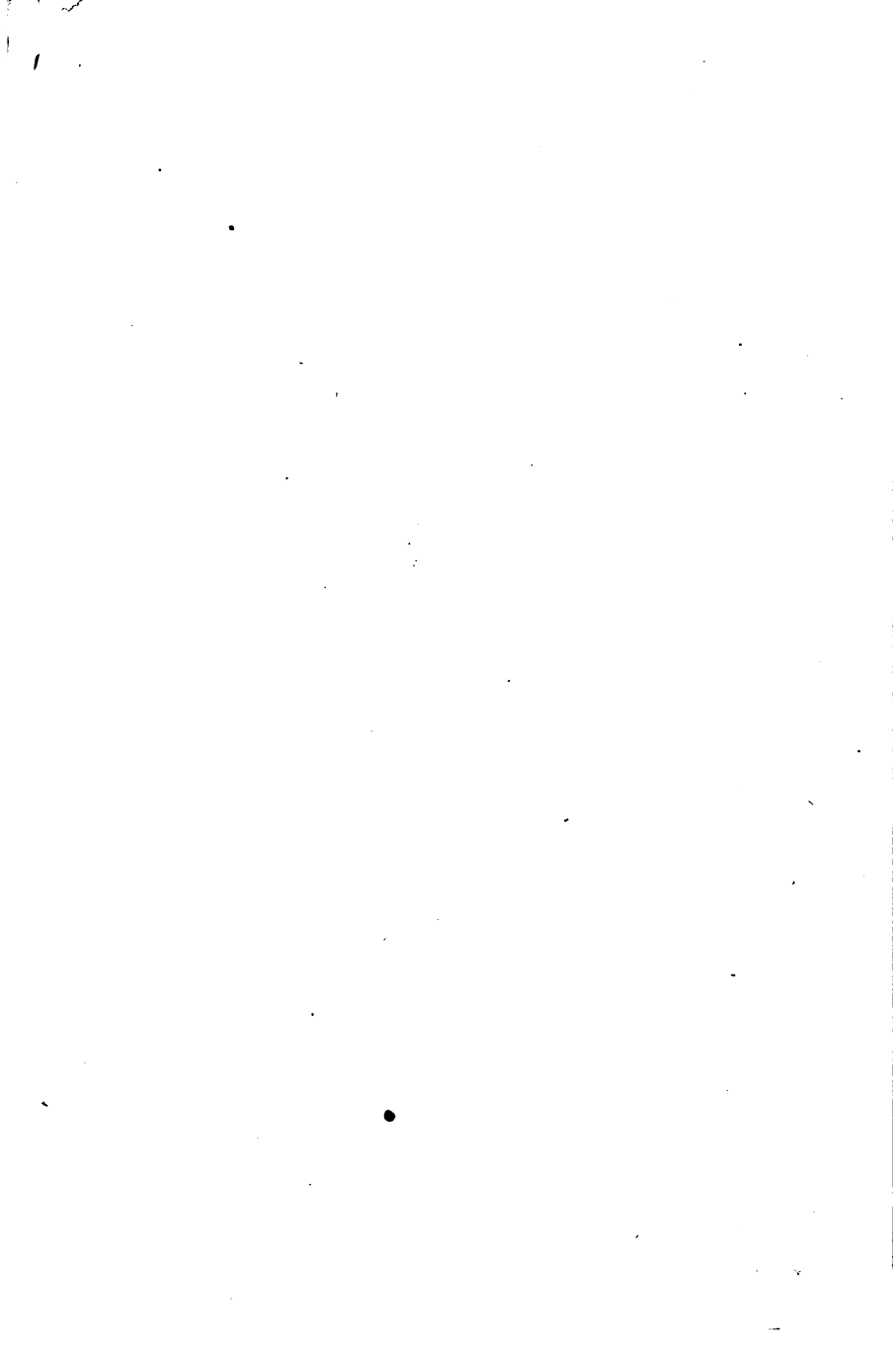
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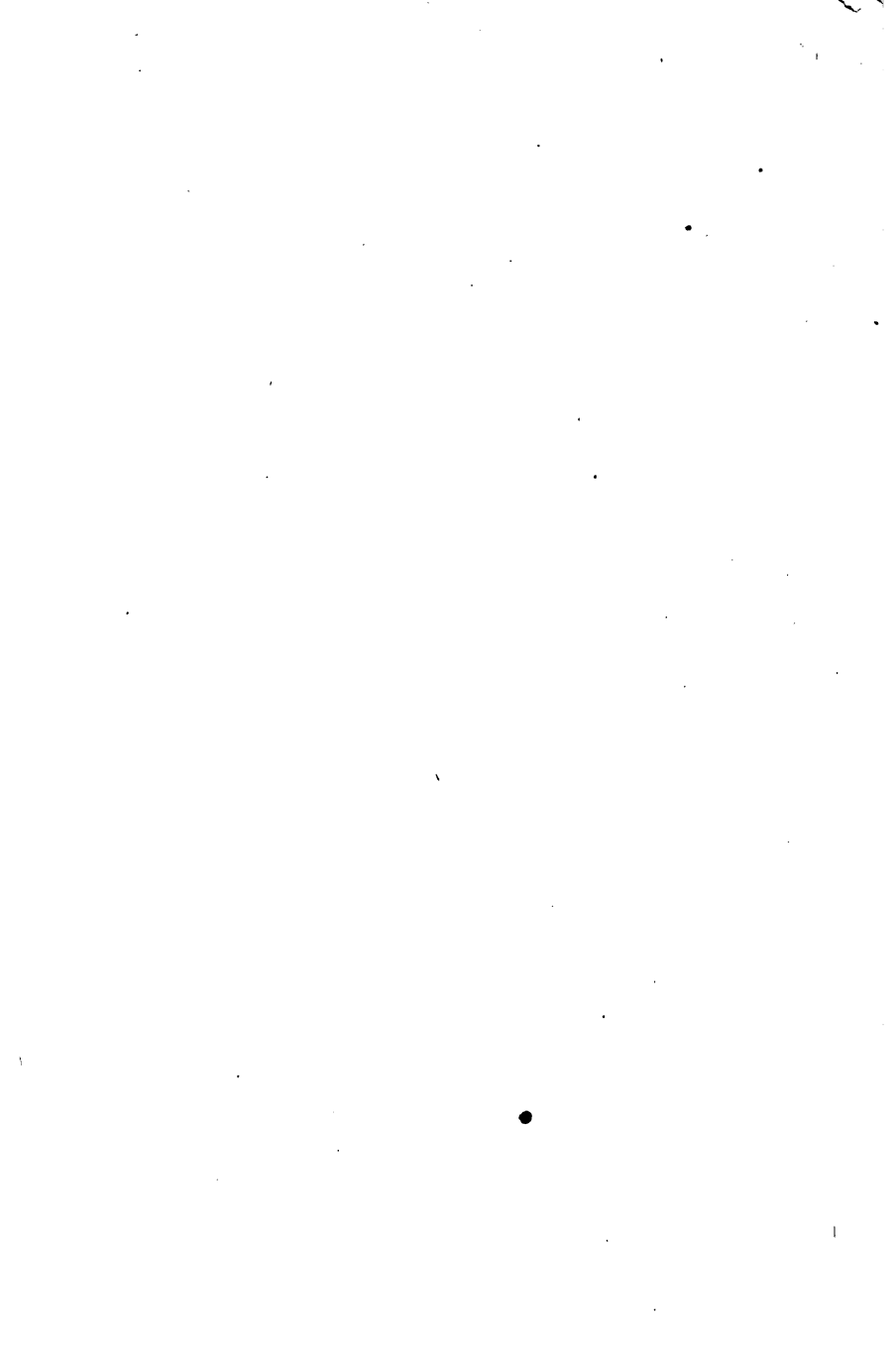
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THE
WANDERER,

AND OTHER POEMS,



DAVID F. LITTLE.

LOS ANGELES:
MIRROR PRINTING AND BINDING HOUSE.

1880.

69965



THE WANDERER,

— OR —

STANZAS WRITTEN IN CALIFORNIA.

1876.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

THE shades of eve are deepening round my bower,
And falling night brings thoughts that make me
yearn

For the dear sounds of home ! This is the hour
When strangers' hall is joyless: heart doth turn
To heart of its own band. Who now would learn,
Even from a lover's accents, sweet and low,
Thoughts not of days gone by ? If now I burn,
'Tis with the love of home; and well I know,
Where'er my foot may stray, that flame will brightly glow.

O, blessed home ! where Christian love and light,
O'er all the joys and griefs of our abode,
Shone like the lamps of heaven by day and night,
Diffusing peace and lessening every load :
The father walking in the narrow road, .
And solemn in devotion, strict in rule,
Still gladly cheered where youthful faces glowed
With merry play, o'er shop or garden tool,
O'er labors of the farm, or tasks of village school.

How well do I remember every spot
The hours of youth have made so deeply dear !
O ! I would count it now a happy lot
To look upon those scenes, that rise so clear

To memory's eager eye; scenes once too drear,
I thought, to feast the young aspiring mind :
But what have I found since ? what find I here,
'Mid friends and nature grand, will memory bind
Like those bright, youthful days, left then unmourned
behind ?

How oft have I reclined beneath the trees,
Beside that gently murmuring river's brink !
How often have I sat to catch the breeze
Of eve upon the bank ! and I would link
Thought into thought, and linger still to think :
The circling sky became a narrow dome,
Too small to muse within ; for I did drink
Of nature's spirit cup—but now I roam ;
And no thought seems so sweet, no place is like my home.

My home ! and have I still in that dear land
A home ? And is there still a chair for me,
Which they will count but vacant till the hand
Of fate shall lead me back ? O, could they see
Mine eye turned thither, sad and longingly,
And read the thoughts of them I feel to-night,
The stranger's thoughts of home, how quick would be
The tear-drop shed, the prayer put up—the rite
Of sister's love, the pledge of home's most sacred light.

Perhaps they're kneeling now, and turn to pray :
For those who bow the knee no longer there ;
And when they think of one, so far away
From them and all the rest held dear, the prayer
Will be more deep and earnest, that the care
Of heaven's kind hand may with him still abide,
To lead aright, to shield from wily snare,
To be the sure, the constant, cheering guide
Of him who long did join, but now is Sundered wide.

AT MONTEREY.

September wind is breaking o'er the hills,
And scattering clouds are flying from the sea ;
The sound of waters wild my bosom thrills ;
And from the deep there comes a voice, to me
More genial than the noise of revelry,
That now arises from the crowded hall :
And the fair moon and starry brilliancy,
Thin veiled, or glowing bright, impress the call
To be with nature forth upon the ocean's wall.

I gallop seaward. Spirit of the night,
With thee I love to wander ; and the sweep
Of darkening clouds athwart the streaming light
Of heaven, the swaying trees, the bounding leap
Of the proud horse against the gale, these keep
In influence with thee, while my heart is mute,
As carried onward— Lo ! the mighty deep !
Waves roll and dash, the wild jets heavenward shoot—
O, who could tell the glory, who the power compute ?

Thoughts of majestic grandeur fill the mind—
The lightning flash, the thunder rolling dread ;
The mountain forest heaving in the wind—
The conquering host, with proud triumphal tread,
The chargers' champ, the thousand banners spread,
The martial music, and the welcome home—
The hush of death, the deep dirge for the dead !—
He, who has chanced 'mid grandest scenes to roam,
May know the gazer's thought beside such ocean's foam.

The mighty tide, which rolls the thundering bore
Of Cobequid—pride of that slope so fair
From sheltering mountain southward to the shore—
Rocked me in youthful days ; and through the wear

Of manhood's stronger years, still everywhere
I stray, my thoughts seem like the waves to be,
As I had drunk the waters' spirit there,
Like him who sung the ocean's majesty,
The bard of nature's realm, or earth, or heaven, or sea.

His song I echo now to voiceless thrills,
As traveler on every ocean's brink ;
In storm or calm, its finished fitness fills
With wonder at the mind, whose power could link
Such thoughts in words as hushed the world to think !
Even they return to gaze upon the deep,
Who from the wreck-strewn shore were won't to shrink,
When they have learned the lay, sung to the sweep
Of his majestic soul o'er seas in rage or sleep.

The child of nature loves the lofty strain
Of praises, chanted to her flashings bright
On mountain peak, or stayless march on main ;
Her beauties traceable by day's calm light,
Or grandeurs known but in the 'glorious night :'
And now, a wanderer on mount and shore,
My heart doth draw from nature chief delight,
And I rejoice with bards sublime the more,
That I have learned to muse, to know, and to adore.

O ! give me still the shore, the mount, the wood ;
Still keep me from the cities' work of men ;
For who, that oft on summit rock has stood,
After a night o'er works of mortals pen,
Or after crowded life has turned again
To stand by ocean, has not felt the spell
Of something mightier than what charmed him, when
He gave his heart to science, art, or shell ?
Who turns from scenes like this, but with a forced fare-
well ?

AT YOSEMITE.

Turn, turn away, mine eye ; I cannot think ;
Thought is all stunned at that grand, awful sight !
To stand upon the rapid river's brink
Gives me a feeling of intense delight ;
To see the maddened ocean in its might,
Huge billow rolled 'gainst mightier boundary,
Inspires me with a reverence as rite ;
But I am more than silent here with thee,
Thou holdest the breath of thought, thou dread Yosemite!

Far up beside thee, thou tremendous Fall,
There is a tree, which twice a hundred feet
Has risen from a creviced ledge of wall :
It looks no larger there, than from the street
The plant in window high ! But who can mete
Thy greatness to the soul ? Here I did stand
At early morn, and think with words to greet
Thee ; but my heart was overcome ; my hand
Was not outstretched ; I stood, in speech, in thought
unmanned.

Thou river rolling from Sierra's snows,
The measure of a mountain downward leaps
Thy flood to vale below ! The thick mists close
Around thy base, most awful fall ; whence sweeps
Away the white foam of thy rage, in heaps.
But far above thy clouds thou dost appear,
The wonder of all continents ! He keeps
No watch like this by thee, who comes not here :
Not Fundy's mightiest waves have such sublime career.

O, thou magnificently mighty ! would
That heaven-born spirit, strong as thine, might break

The spell in which thou holdest mine : I should
Not then but feel and silent be ; but wake
Would I the notes thou dost inspire, and make
To thrill the heart, but which thou minglest there
With awe and wonder, till they thus forsake
The soul—unutterable : e'en the prayer
I'd raise to other power, thou turnst to low despair.

Now I have watched thee into starry night,
Nor keep my vigil with less earnest eye ;
For now around thee, from the vale to height
Where thou dost take farewell of regions high,
The mountain columns, thy companions nigh,
Put on a glory all unknown by day ;
And they appear the pillars of the sky !
And thou art here among them in thy play,
Most beautiful of grandeurs 'neath yon milky way.

And now the moon has risen above the peaks ;
And her fair beams seem glad to greet thy face :
The vapory cloud beneath, ascending seeks
To spread its beauty near thee, and with grace
Floats on the rising wind ; now from their place
A hundred outer jets of spray are blown !
O glorious scenes ! He who doth joy to trace
Grandeurs which art nor words can e'er make known,
Let him watch here by night, devoutly and alone.

It is the hour of noon on high Clouds' Rest ;
And such a change of scene from yester-night ;
Sierras, north, and east, and south, and west,
Rise near and far to the admiring sight !
At Inspiration Point, where depth and height
Break on the soul at once, it bounds with praise,
Then stills itself in wonder ! but the light
Below this mountain edge grows dim, a haze
In gorge so terrible, here brains might reel and craze.

Let me draw back, and look to Lyell—Lo !

Where nearer than the glacier, like a sea
The dark pines 'neath us heave in storm, while glow
The sunbeams round our watch-tower here ; and see
There in the lightning's path that giant tree,
Shivered, on fire ! and the deep thunders roll
Along the canyons wild ! O this to me
Is life, the rapture I would not control :
Now is thy day of years, thine hour of joy, my soul !

IN LOS ANGELES, 1880.

Years have departed since I wrote those lines ;
But with delight I still recall the day,
When down we galloped through the waving pines,
And filed into the narrow, rocky way,
Which great Nevada Fall greets with its spray ;
A day but once lived, and a road most fit
To lead from heights, where lightnings were at play
Round peak and glacier, to such vale, 'tis lit
With twilight half its day—'unique, grand, awful!' writ.

Now California I must bid-adieu ;
Nor from the glorious alone I sigh
To turn me eastward : friendship, tried and true,
And scenes all lovely, I must bid good-bye !
O land, whose Winter is but Spring, mine eye
Grows dim, that henceforth I must be away
From all I love beneath thy smiling sky ;
But chiefly still to thee, O Monterey !
To thee my thoughts do cling, and to a happier day.

Who that has dwelt beside thy deep-blue waters,
And heard the evening notes of sweet guitar,
And smiled to glances of thy dark-eyed daughters,
Does not remember them when thence afar ?

Oft have I thought, neath vine, nor moon, nor star,
Have I found pleasures elsewhere as with thee !
At Lobos, grottos, waves, spray, rainbows are ;
Point Cypress let him seek who loves the sea ;
Thy shores, thy woods, thy halls, still all are dear to me.

The twilight deepens ; and my heart to home
Turns as 'tis wont : deep in my soul abides
The love of those dear ones from whom I roam :
In cities full of life, on mountain sides
Where cataracts roar, in southern park where glides
The waterfowl 'mid prodigal array
Of floral wealth, where'er I rove, the tides
Of thought turn backward at the close of day,
To scenes and loving friends, more dear the more I
stray.





STANZAS
— ON —
ODD FELLOWSHIP.

—
INSCRIBED TO THE BROTHERS OF MONTEREY LODGE, I. O. O. F
—

I.

THOU spirit breath from realm divine,
That movest hearts to utter song,
Inspire me, and my notes prolong
Meet for a great and blest design :
My theme, ODD FELLOWSHIP, attend,
For Friendship, Love and Truth descend.

Stretched on the couch of suffering low,
I saw the Brothers soon appear ;
The footsteps light I could not hear,
But watched the faces come and go ;
And looked into the pitying eye,
That fills to see a brother die.

The gentle pressure of the hand,
The kind inquiry, and the care
For every comfort needed there,
A strain of heart-felt thanks command :
O ! worthy make my grateful lay,
As kind my brothers day by day !

II.

Odd Fellowship, thy name to me
Is sacred as the sound of home ;
Far have I chanced from that to roam,
But wasted weak I lean on thee :
Thou art my guardian, thou my friend,
For thee my daily thanks ascend.

And thoughts of thee do fill my mind,
Since learning I no more pursue,
For musing on the good and true,
How fit a theme in thee I find !
The lessons of thy pleasant hall,
And thy Benevolence to all.

And thinking of thy blessings shed
On stranger where his kin are not,
On widows' board and orphans' lot,
Brings gladness to my lowly bed :
Hence would I now our Order sing,
May heavenly powers the music bring !

III.

Long years ago, in solemn hall,
I saw one taught Odd Fellowship :
He heard from earnest, aged lip
The patriarchal accents fall,
'Give heed unto my words, my son ;
My course thou seest is nearly run.

'I have been young, but now am old ;
Yet have I ne'er the righteous seen
Forsaken ; and the holy sheen
Of heaven is round his children's fold' :

Blessed his own children's lot,
Forget it not! forget it not!

Let me not tread on holy ground,
Except as I have trod before,
When tokens of my right I wore,
Teaching and guiding brother round :
The beauties of our blessed zone,
Save to the members lie unknown.

Enough, no longer stranger he !
Where'er from Nova Scotia's mines
To San Diego's palms and vines,
In this great land his place might be,
There he could find a brother's hand,
And need of friends would friends command.

IV.

O! what it is in health to live !
And be a true and worthy man—
To be a power in the van,
Who for our cause their lives would give !
The friendly help, the cheerful mood,
O, who can estimate their good ?

Blest be the hand stretched forth to greet
The stranger brother heartily ;
Blest be the face forever free
To scatter smiles along the street ;
Blest be the words that fall like dew
To cheer the drooping heart anew.

And O a thousand times be blest,
The man who adds to these his aid,
Who from himself is not afraid
To take some means, or time, or rest,
That he may help a brother man
In hour of need or baffled plan.

V.

He, only he, who has been low
 With suffering in a foreign land,
 Can know how feels the friendly hand,
How sounds the whisper, soft and low—
 The kind regard that thrills the heart,
 And makes the grateful tear-drop start.

Far from my home and scenes of youth,
 Far from my loving sisters' care,
 Far from the thousand comforts there,
An invalid am I ; in sooth,
 But for that Fellowship so dear,
 Too wretched for existence here.

Now I look back to manhood's prime,
 For I have passed from that bright stage,
 Though mine are not the years of age,
But of a blighted life's dark time ;
 Consumption, subtle, slow disease,
 Embitters toil and saddens ease.

Yes, I look back to those blest days,
 When manly work and pastime brought
 Alternate to my daily lot
The charms which kept me in such way ;
 And looking back, my heart is moved,
 And cries, heaven bless, as I have loved !

Bright be their memory to all
 Whose thoughts turn back to them, those days ;
 But here I may not bring their praise,
Whate'er their joys in bower or hall ;
 Enough, 'twas then that I did learn
 Odd Fellowship, to which I turn.

VI.

I saw a woman, come* to find
 O'er him she loved the cold earth piled,
 And children who, all cares beguiled,
 Had gamboled round that father kind :
 For those dear ones, then met by want,
 Who bid its wretched forms avaunt ?

Odd Fellowship a home supplied ;
 Odd Fellowship its comforts brought ;
 And the few sisters cheered the lot
 Of one by loss so sadly tried ;
 And children glad dispersed the gloom,
 That else had deepened to the tomb.

Not hers the toil in want and woe,
 That must go on for daily bread ;
 Not hers the aching hand and head,
 That, half-refreshed, must rise to sew,
 Lest the gaunt wolf be in her fold,
 Or her babe stiffen with the cold.

Not theirs to have no mother's time
 Devoted to their mental life ;
 Not theirs to rise through want and strife,
 Uneducated, save in crime :
 A mother's work most truly great,
 Reared honest children for the State.

VII.

Odd Fellowship, thou mighty branch
 Of the great parent tree of good,
 Of all that fruitful, fair have stood,

* To California.

As storms have risen to blight and blanch,
Where is another growth like thine ?
Protected, pruned by hand divine !

Not that the stem which points above,
Should be dishonored by my voice,
Round it the millions loud rejoice,
When Sabbath bells recall the love
Of the All-seeing God to man,
Howe'er the creeds may show His plan.

But thou great branch, whose fair fruit falls
All ripe and certain in this vale,
Whose plenty makes the good prevail,
Whose emblems beautify our halls,
Of all I've seen 'neath light and shade,
My heart-felt theme hast thou been made.

For Friendship, sacred and sublime,
He is a son of heavenly birth,
And sent to bless man's course on earth,
Finds this "new age" his glorious time ;
'Swords into ploughshare sees he wrought,'
And triumphs great, by blood unbought.

And Love, the daughter of the skies,
Is beautiful as morning light,
While breaking on the watcher's sight,
Or starry heaven to poets' eyes :
Love, holy, sweet, unselfish love,
By that we picture God above.

And Truth, eternal as the heaven,
Is destined to prevail on earth,
To be the judge of word and worth,
When happier days to man are given—
When Friendship, Love and Truth combined,
Have blessed the lands of all mankind.

RECOLLECTIONS
— OF A —
VISIT TO SONOMA.

TO W. B. WELLS, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR:—This short and poor production is inscribed to you for three reasons: You are an esteemed friend of mine, a brother of "the Dector," and, like myself, you are not blessed with children. The Dedication can do you no honor, but I hope the Recollections will give you some pleasure.

Your sincere friend,

1879.

DAVID F. LITTLE.

COME darling memory, thou truthful friend,
To bless my evening hour thy company lend;
My chair is set where cool airs round my feet
And foliage green dispel the summer heat;
This dale will soon be hidden from the sun,
Be thine the hour before the day is done!

O memory! unlike delusive hope,
That still deceives us as we onward grope,
I woo thee, for thy strain is sweeter now
Than aught besides to which mine ear can bow;
I love thee for thy truth, and truth alone
Can charm this heart which now is all its own.

And of the many lays which thou canst sing—
Of youthful hours and scenes of life's sweet spring,

Of manhood's pleasures, and serenest joys
When science triumphed over all decoys,
And of the friendships which can only fade
When life itself has passed into the 'shade'—
Choose once again from fair Sonoma Vale
To draw the notes which can so well prevail.

O, now I feel thy music with delight !
And clustering trees and vineyards rise in sight ;
Field after field with loaded vines appears,
And garden after garden treasures rears :
Behold the pleasant vale so fair extend,
From shore to where the rugged hills ascend !

Now at the Doctor's door I touch the bell,
And sounds within, which youthful pastimes tell,
Fade into silence, and the opened door
Shows me the eldest of the boys, " the four."
Soon I am seated in an easy chair,
And soon appear more youthful faces fair :
The " Father is away, but he'll be back
Within an hour now ;" and there is no lack
Of questioning about my health and "trip,"
While kind remarks between the questions slip,
Until the mother, from a neighbor's brought,
Greets with her welcome kind ; then, as they ought,
The children listen, while their mother's face
Is guiding Goddess of the happy place.

An hour is passed o'er topics interesting,
This mutual friend and that remembered thing ;
The town affairs, the Grove beside the bay,
And prospects yet for dear old Monterey.
And now the children tell me of their schools,
Speak of the teachers' " ways," and grievous rules ;

One wishes I would teach them for awhile,
Which all the rest endorse with pleasant smile;
And when I tell them I shall teach no more,
A sad-like wonder spreads their faces o'er;
But when I say, 'perhaps I'll settle down
And keep a book-store in Sonoma Town,
With story books, pictures, and curious things,'
A chorus, quick, and loud, and gladsome rings.
For now the mother to the kitchen gone,
I ween to have the supper not brought on
Until the Doctor comes, the children all
Increase their joyous noise through room and hall.

O blessed youth ! so free from care and strife;
O happy spring-time of this human life !
Could I one hour enjoy thy health and glee,
And then have Heaven present the choice to me,
To live again as I had lived before,
Or with the flowrets die and be no more,
Methinks I'd say, O Heaven my choice is this,
To give each loving friend a parting kiss,
To say good-bye, then turn once more my eyes
Upon the distant hills and bluer skies,
To look upon the woods, and fields, and bay,
Then in a flowery bed myself to lay,
To close my eyes with flowers around me pressed,
And breathe my spirit into endless rest !

But wherefore muse I ? periods mark the race,
Which is one journey to a destined place,
And if some happier are than others given,
Let me be glad and thank the grace of heaven;
Rejoice o'er every good that greets my soul,
But when an ill intrudes think of the whole.
While youth was mine I revelled in its joys,

Nor felt the weight of care which now annoys,
But oft o'er childish griefs I sadly dwelt,
And thought all sorrows great to youth were dealt.
'Tis thus the boy does long for manhood's ways,
And man, forgetting, turns to boyhood's days,
Thinks how supremely blest his lot was then,
And hates the cares which still encumber men.
While could we see the scales the difference try
Between the good and ill of years gone by,
Perchance we'd find the balance much the same
Through youth and age, obscurity and fame.

But hark! I hear the Doctor in the hall,
And "papa's home," the younger voices call;
Now in he comes, the gentlemanly friend,
And quick a hearty welcome doth extend,
Regrets the visit was not sooner made,
And more the sickness causing it delayed.

And now into the dining room we walk,
Are seated, pause a moment in the talk,
While the good Doctor turns our thoughts to heaven
In thankfulness for all the blessings given,
In prayer that we be guided in the right
By influence of the Holy Spirit's light.—
Blest is the board like this where'er it be!
Where southern clime gives rich variety,
Or where the scanty north or mountain height
Provides for strength, nor caters for delight;
The spirit of content is fostered still,
And thanks to heaven a happy trust instil.—
The mother makes some slight apology,
As matron will however nice things be;
And thus the conversation turns on food,
And I applaud, for everything is good;

But my good friends depreciate their store,
The time for earlier fruits now being o'er—
For peaches, berries, great variety—
But grapes supply the world of fruits to me.
And cheerfulness is shown in every glance,
For well the dining-room can mirth enhance;
The Doctor tells a funny anecdote,
Which sets the sounds of laughter all afloat,
And conversation, wit, and Liber's cheer
Allow no entrance to a trouble here;
All, from the grandma pleasant still in age,
With helping hand and few remarks but sage,
To little Alice rosy, sweetly fair,
All pleased and pleasing seem without a care.
O earth! if thou couldst yet such joy afford,
O could I yet be seated at my board,
With wife and children happy circling round,
The chief of all life's good were surely found!

But in the sitting-room assembled now,
Fortune does greater pleasures still allow;
"St. Nicholas—for Girls and Boys" is here,
And for awhile affords us lively cheer;
Its pictures, puzzles, illustrations apt,
O'er which all laugh and little hands are clapped,
With humorous remarks and fitting tales
Repel all cares, and mirth alone prevails.
Thus time wings on across the evening hours,
Till nine displays the drowsy god's calm powers;
The children therefore say their kind good nights,
And slow retire. And mine are the delights
Of hearing parents speak their children's praise,
And tell their progress in the Book-taught ways,
Of joining in a talk o'er days gone by,
Forgetful how the hours of this one fly,



Till all the evening gone, and low the fire,
I recollect myself and pleased retire.

Now, high above the hills the morning sun,
The pleasures of a survey are begun :
Our carriage slowly wheels along a street,
Where orchard groves still groves of orchard meet ;
Where stately trees afford delightful shade
To game-laid lawn and half hid cottage glade ;
Or where the vine-clad fields for miles extend,
And scattering oaks their grander beauty lend.
And now alighting where a garden lies
In semi-tropical profusion's dyes,
We pass in wondering thought from flower to flower,
Admire the walks, and rest us in the bower.
Thus hours are spent in driving, seeing, talk,
The last not least on road or garden walk ;
For conversation to the human race
Can heighten joy in almost every place,
Except where nature stills, as by the sea,
Or scenes like those of grand Yosemite.

I pass o'er three glad weeks. 'Tis now the day,
When I must force myself "farewell" to say.
The girls, excused from school, dear, lovely friends,
Move me by kindness as my visit ends :
The best of dinners they are having made,
The choicest fruits upon the board are laid ;
While kind as blest the mother cheers us all,
Till sounds the last good-bye within the hall !
Thus from the home I part, the Doctor last,
And wheeled away a parting look I cast !

Farewell, O friends so kind ! my heart is weak
As I look back ; and words can never speak

The thoughts I feel ; for friendship such as yours
Warm through the soul a flood of feeling pours ;
And deep my spirit sighs that earth has few
So kind and good, so lovable as you.

Now memories, good night ! the lamp is lit !
I thank thee, and I would thy lay were writ.
Thus thought I as I left my shaded seat,
And toward the cottage slowly turned my feet ;
And I resolved, by love of friendship moved,
To tell what my Sonoma friends had proved.
But feeble now my hand and weak my mind,
I do not justice to the good and kind,
But only show how much my heart loves yet
To dwell o'er scenes it never can forget,
How memory recalls that visit sweet,
And friendship bids it oft the lay repeat.



MISCELLANEOUS.

JULES TAVERNIER; OR, THE PAINTER.

INTO a kingdom of his own
The painter turns with a smile ;
And his loyal subjects build him a throne,
As rich as the faries' isle.
Their beauty is inexpressible,
Those wonders around his seat ;
And gold and gems are but good enough
To lie about his feet !

The marshals that around him throng
Are Nature's guardian host ;
And they bring the beauties of every zone,
The glories of every coast.
And O what a picture they paint him there !
Till his heart bows down in love—
In the homage of a cultured soul
To nature's God above.

THE SOLACE OF PHILANTHROPY TO THE
OVERBURDENED.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Tennyson.

BREAK, break, break,
On the rocks of life, oh heart!
I would to God I could still
The murmurs that in thee start!

Thy billows, rolling sea,
A heaving, heartless band,
Can smoothe the crags o'er which they dash,
And flow on glittering sand.

But oh! the surging of my mind
Wears but its strength away;
And the same rough rocks it beats upon,
But weaker than yesterday.

Break, break, break,
On the crags of life, oh heart!
'Tis well if thy surging can only smoothe
The path of some sadder one's part.

—o—

FAREWELL TO SAN DIEGO.

(LEAVING ON STEAMER, JUNE, 1878.)

FAREWELL to San Diego friends,
To hearts so kind and true,
While'er I feel the throb of life
My thoughts shall turn to you.

To brothers of the mighty "links,"
 And of the "mystic tie,"
 Farewell to meet in that Grand Lodge
 Which has been called on high.

Where but the faithful are prepared,
 And God himself presides;
 Where goodness is the one degree,
 And naught admits besides.

Farewell both friends and pleasant scenes
 Beside the peerless bay,
 In memory still I'll cling to you
 Though far my feet may stray.

—o—

TO MISS L— H—.

(IN ANSWER.)

FORGET thee? Not while worth I see,
 Or memory claims a pleasure;
 When turned from toil to think of thee
 Will be my dearest leisure.
 Thine image in my heart enshrined,
 So fair, so bright, so cheering,
 In sweetest mood shall keep my mind,
 Thyself the more endearing.

Forget thee! Not while thought I know,
 Though wide our paths may sunder,
 And darker waters o'er me flow
 Than suffering keeps me under.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I'll think of thee while earth I roam,
And if to me 'tis given
To reach ere thou the Blessed Home,
I'll long for thee in heaven!

— o —
C. L. C.

IN MEMORY.

WITH quivering lip and tear-dimmed eye,
His fate is read by many a friend;
But this we trust is not the end,
There is a part that cannot die.
Then put the sad announcement by:
"In midst of life we are in death;"
But from the flesh-destroying breath
The spirit wings its flight on high.
To all there comes the great decree,
That dooms the living to the dead;
For all the shroud of "past" is spread,
Who feel our frail humanity.
But honored, wept, and sung is he,
The man, the patriot, the friend,
Whose voice and hand did ever tend
To fellow-man's felicity.
The gentle heart, the cultured mind,
That loved with favorite bard to dwell,
That felt the sympathetic spell
Of classic author strong to bind;
That with the social few refined
In sacred home held converse sweet,
These still with kindred ones will meet,
And still eternal pleasures find.

STANZAS

TO THE ONCE BETROTHED OF THE AUTHOR.

FORGIVE, O Lady dear, forgive,
If I have wronged by deed or thought
The heart that chose with mine to live,
When to its portal, love I brought.
The future shone through bright hope then ;
I could not read the book of fate ;
But now I feebly move my pen
To tell my doom—for thee too late !

The slow, incurable disease
Has baffled skill, and hope, and care ;
Through change of clime and years of ease
It works its subtle, ceaseless wear.
I've caused thee sorrow ! But my heart,
Then hopeful, strong, was thine alone ;
I planned for each a happier part,
And sought thy joy more than my own.

Thou kindly sayst, 'I'll ne'er regret
The hours we've spent in lovers' bliss :'
Of all the pleasures shown me yet
The sweetest were our clasp and kiss !
O for such fond and rapturous love,
As blessed us then through starry eve !
Alas ! how cruel did fortune prove—
Yet o'er the change O do not grieve !

But oh forgive me, Lady dear !
And think of me as lover fond ;
But shed no unavailing tear
When for my corse the earth has yawned.

And if chance words of compliment
To others paid e'er meet thine eye,
Remember what to thee I've sent,
And *hours of raptures* long gone by!

— o —

LINES

TO A SISTER ON HEARING OF HER DEATH.

THE tears that from an aching heart
Unbidden rise and silent flow,
Oh! what are these to pay the part
A brother for thy love doth owe?

My sister! could an angel's pen
Convey the thoughts that rise in me,
Thy worth and loveliness might then
Be sung in fitting melody.

That spirits saintly sweet as thine
Are found among our sinful race,
Proclaims our primal source divine,
And bids us seek that better place.

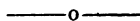
But o'er the souls that held thee dear,
How is the robe of sorrow drawn?
Forever from this gloomy sphere,
Thou art forever from us gone!

Ah! sad must be the dear home now,
Thy bright and cheering smile hath fled;
Love's last wreath has adorned thy brow;
Oh! can it be that thou art dead?

The May-green fields, the orchard flowers,
Looked they the same that mournful day,
As when in cloudless, youthful hours
We roamed and danced the time away?

The scenes along the river banks,
The wild-flowers, birds' nests as of yore,
The trees in nature's own free ranks,—
They still are there, but thou no more!

Farewell! for brighter worlds designed,
Thou image fair of truth and love,
Since thou art gone my troubled mind
Turns longing to the home above.



THOUGHTS OF GOD AND MY DESTINY.

—
THERE is a God, the primal source
Of light, and life, and love ;
Who is eternally enthroned
Creations all above!

When He commanded it should form,
The world began its course,
And felt from the creative will
Preserving, guiding force.

Change, change was in His wisdom wrought—
Till fields were decked with flowers,
Fish swarmed the waters, and the birds
With music filled earth's bowers.

"And man became a living soul,"
The chief o'er all beside,
Although the loveliest of God's works
Was she given for his bride!

Their race is spread o'er every land,
Neath chill and balmy sky ;
And of the thousand thousands now,
One, a frail one, am I.

I walk beneath umbrageous trees,
I look on fruit or flower ;
I loiter in the orange grove,
Or sit in spicy bower.

I hum the words of lover's song,
Or truths of sage recall ;
I think of friends, o'er nature muse,
But sorrow flavors all.

Ah! weak in body, sad at heart,
Soon earth no more I'll see
With mortal eyes, but not hereon
My life shall goaled be.

E'en now I feel a gentle cord,
Unseen, mysterious,
That draws me to the God of all,
JEHOVAH glorious!—

The center of that Paradise,*
Eternally outspread
From infinite to infinite—
The center and the Head.

Thence whither spirits take their flight,
Thither my course can be,
And choosing flight sublime, or rest,
In joy eternally.

TO MISS L— H—.

(WRITTEN IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.)1879.

WHILE laid on the couch of my suffering low,
My kind cheering friend, oh! how sadly I miss
thee;

But sometimes I fancy thy lips bending low

To kiss me good-night as my sister would kiss me.

And though fate has made reasons to keep thee away,

One wish I must breathe while so sadly I miss thee—

Ere my form has been laid in its cold, kindred clay,

O kiss me good-bye as my sister would kiss me !





June 28. 1945

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